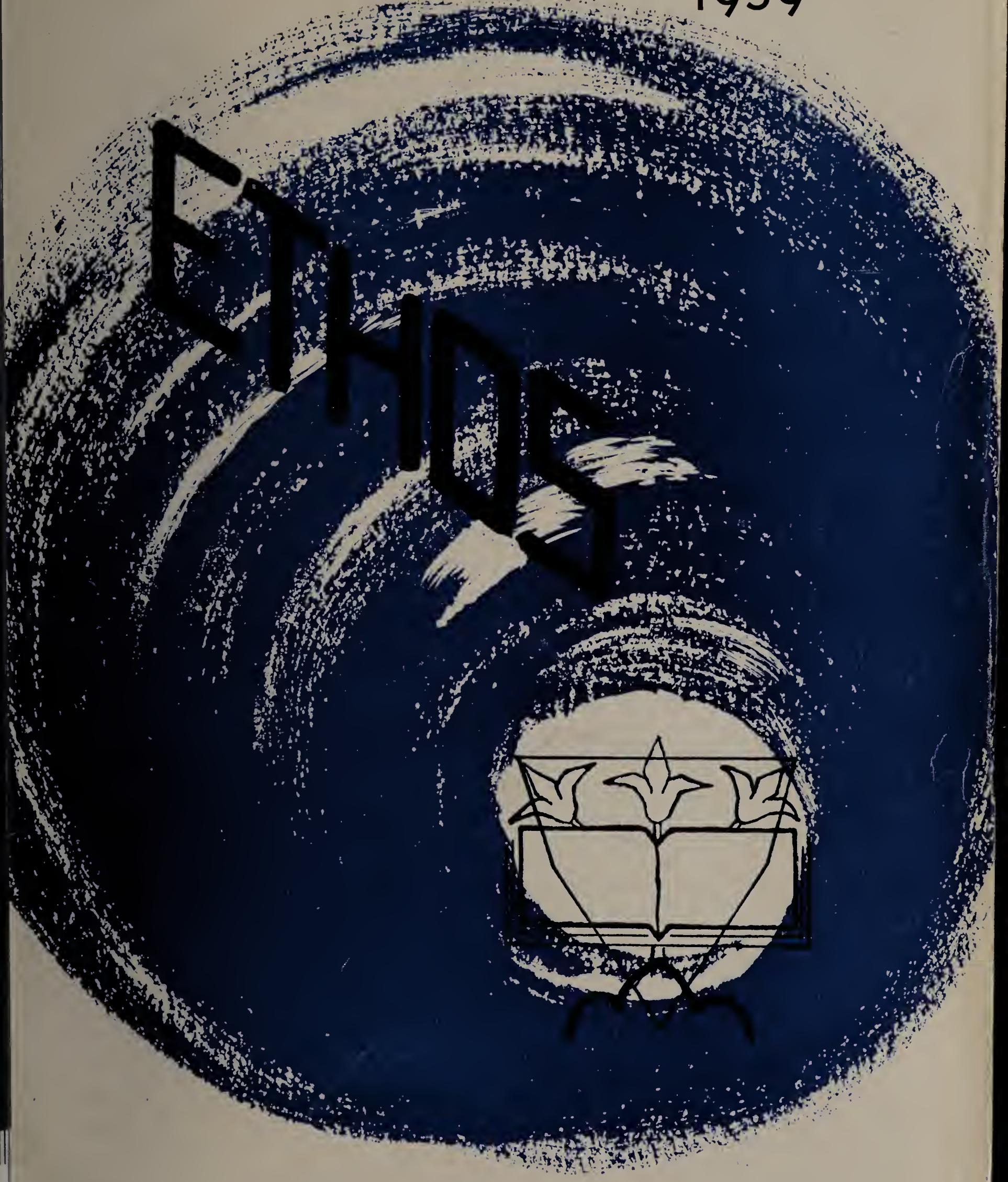


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Adventus

*More stars than skies can hold—
And Christ's coming.*

*Coming, rainbowing down,
See what step strides Christ—
A giant in his course,
To make his orbit
The circle of girl's arms.*

*Not once and conclusively
This meteor flashed,
For his course to be preserved,
Pressed in bound volumes,
Out of date.*

*His coming is
Like coming of stars through a window,
Each night newly lit,
And less noticed.*

*His coming is over the mountains,
Living us into flames;
Living flames of us, dead,
This Christ, this meteor, strikes.*

Sister Mary Antanina, F.M.M., '61

The Catholic Intellectual in America

Helen Prescott, '61

Each Catholic college student has an acknowledged responsibility to develop his own mind. In this issue, the ETHOS is happy to print the first in a series of articles written on various aspects of a Catholic intellectual life.

Since 1955, when Monsignor John Tracy Ellis of the Catholic University initiated its discussion, possibly no area of American Catholic activity has received so much attention as has its intellectual quarter. Hardly a week has passed that some new addition has not been made to the reams of published material already available on the subject. In all this welter of words, however, the main issues seem to have been a little obscured. As a result, many Catholics are still relatively unaware of the exact condition of our national intellectual life as well as of the factors responsible for the emergence and reinforcement of its present status. Yet this knowledge is absolutely requisite if any improvement of the situation is to be effected.

From a glance at the contemporary scene, one might immediately conclude that the most predominant characteristic of Catholic intellectual life is its lack of vitality and distinction. In practically no field of speculative endeavor could more than two or three names of Catholic scholars be cited with the ease with which one names their non-Catholic confrères. Although this deficiency is almost self-evident, the impoverished condition of our intellectual life is no idle

speculation based on seeming appearances. Statistics have been determined from the findings of various educational polls and research investigations conducted over the past several years. This article does not purpose to dispute the testimony of these studies. Experts on the subject of Catholic intellectual activities have examined them and have affirmed their accuracy. One such authority, Monsignor Ellis, has stated in this regard:

If the Catholic scientists should have begun to think that an undue amount of stress has been placed on the dearth of distinguished names among their kind, they can be quickly reassured. The picture in the sacred sciences, the liberal arts and the humanities is no brighter on that score, for the studies I have examined reveal no higher proportion in these fields than they do in science.

This lack of distinction, viewed in an isolated fashion, however, is not the essential problem in regard to the condition of American Catholic intellectual life. Rather this deficiency seen in relation to two other facts constitutes its true nature. At the present time, Catholics in this nation outnumber those of any other country in the world with the exceptions of Brazil and Italy. Our material resources far surpass those of any of our co-religionists elsewhere on the globe. That in spite of our numerical strength and economic stability, we have failed notably to develop an intellectual distinction in proper proportion to such factors—this is the American Catholic intellectual problem.

Contemporary failure to produce this proportionate intellectual superiority results mainly from our want of an adequate American Catholic intellectual tradition. To understand our lack of such a tradition requires an acquaintance with the background of the Catholic in America.

Our early history in this country is the chronicle of a little tolerated minority group. The fact of colonial prejudice does not require elaboration. The various Protestant sects which settled this country could not tolerate one another—as witness Roger Williams and Anne Hutchinson—let alone the despised “Papists.” While this animosity discouraged Catholic thought and thus delayed the development of an intellectual tradition, its psychological and sociological effects on the small band of Catholics were much more permanent and infinitely more damaging. This hostile atmosphere forced them to assume a defensive position. Their contributions to the cultural growth of the new nation were unwelcome because of their religious affiliation. As a result, they could do little else but regard their Faith as a battlement under assault. This protective attitude, while it was an inevitable effect of their unreceptive environment, only served to promote a sort of mental ghetto, further isolating them from the mainstream of American culture.

This defensive attitude has persisted and is a major obstacle to the development of a Catholic intellectual tradition today. While the reaction of our early forebears was provoked by a very real hostility, ours is not infrequently occasioned by little more than imagined antagonism. This is not to say that anti-Catholic prejudice has ceased to be, but that it exists to any great extent is to be doubted. Our hyper-consciousness of the former animosity to the Faith has fostered an extreme sensitivity in us. We tend, consequently, to resent any outside criticism and suspect the most sincerely motivated appraisals of derogatory or subversive intent. Because we fear and distrust such criticism, we attempt very little which will expose us to it. That this is the worst

possible action we can take has been well illustrated by Thomas O'Dea:

There is a kind of vicious circle involved. Our defensiveness inhibits the development of a vigorous intellectual tradition. Our lack of such a tradition keeps our contribution small and leaves us occupying fewer positions of importance in American life than our numbers warrant. This in turn makes us resentful and increases defensiveness, thereby reinforcing the original cause of our difficulties.

This defensiveness, so largely a product of our minority status, would not have endured if as our numbers increased an intellectual tradition had evolved. However, between 1820 and 1920, the period of our greatest numerical gains, such a development was not furthered but, in fact, considerably impeded. This was primarily because the majority of these Catholics occupied immigrant status. Due to poor living conditions prevalent in the ancestral lands from which they had migrated, few enjoyed either the benefits of education or financial security. Consequently, they were mainly preoccupied with the rudimentary problems of making a living wage and supporting their dependents. This left them little time to cultivate an intellectual life. As for the Church itself, it had neither the leisure nor the facilities to provide for both the basic religious needs of these vast numbers of immigrants and their intellectual requirements as well. Accordingly, the first in the order of importance took precedence, and the Church concerned itself with the business of ministering to their souls.

Once the assimilation of these immigrants into the national culture had been effected, nothing prevented the development of an intellectual tradition except that this process of absorption had been too successful. They had become quite thor-

oughly American, adopting all the national attitudes and values. This was a natural sequence and would have been totally harmless had all the national views and criteria been the most healthy. But such was not the case.

Anti-intellectualism has characterized the majority of Americans from colonial days to the present. It is manifest in their suspicion and distrust of their scholars, their fear of individual superiority and distinction, their almost compulsive desire to level everything and everyone down to the common mean. The widespread prevalence of these views could not fail to infiltrate the ranks of the Catholic immigrants. Needless to say, it did not exactly stimulate any great desire for intellectual activity let alone intellectual prowess. Perhaps this common American attitude results from some mistaken conception of democracy, but whatever its origin, its existence posed, and does today, an insuperable obstacle in the path of a strong American intellectual tradition, Catholic or otherwise. (Although this article is primarily concerned with the American Catholic intellectual problem, I wonder if the total American community could produce a favorable comparison between the numbers of its members and the numbers of its intellectuals.)

A second trait, which Americans have exhibited consistently throughout their history, and one which strongly influenced the immigrant population, is a consuming preoccupation with material progress. The abundant natural resources of the country are sufficient to account for the predominance of this interest. While failure to tap this natural wealth is criminal waste, its exploitation did and does place innumerable limitations on the intellectual sphere. The activity which such exploitation demands dissipates time and energy in one direction. As a result there is neither the leisure

nor the interest required for intellectual pursuits. No matter what the ideal picture, a busy engineer in concrete circumstances does not, I think, have much spare time or energy to devote to the purely speculative considerations of life.

This activism also tends to sacrifice pure knowledge in favor of that which is practical or useful. Newman's ideal, the true intellectual ideal, knowledge for its own sake, assumes an inferior role. One has only to compare the salary of a college professor at the doctoral level with that of a corporation executive to see the manifestations of this criterion.

The stress on practical knowledge results in vocationalism. Students who might successfully employ their talents to produce the scholarship which makes for a strong intellectual life are sidetracked by family and school emphasis on an education that fits one for a job. This specialized education, while extremely useful, is considerably limited. The broad outlook, the ability to see all of life as a whole, is requisite for true intellectual activity.

The historical factors which inhibited the development of an American intellectual tradition in the past—our minority and immigrant status—are no longer valid deterrents to such a tradition. As I have pointed out previously, our numerical and economic strength has improved greatly. The task which lies before us can only be accomplished by purging ourselves of the attitudes which our background has produced in us. These are the obstructive elements to the development of an American Catholic intellectual tradition in our day. Who is to assume the burden of responsibility for the success of this task? Most logically this would seem to be the Catholic students of the nation.

Joy for the World

Eileen Kennedy, '60

KITTY had been standing in the middle of the dark parlor for some time. She could hear the traffic play from the street below beating an irregular rhythm to the carolers' singing. The dogs' yelping, too, the bells and footsteps all seemed to be joining and blending into the sound of the street. Slowly, she made her way to the window. Cars were zigzagging along behind grinning headlights. She saw the little boys, scrambling on crusted snowbanks, stop a minute to listen to the carolers, then dash back, so excited, to their games. Across the way, over the buildings, she could see a neon sign flashing *Joy to the World*. She stood watching the lights through the drizzling pane, blinking on-red, off-green, over and over. The neon sign was a lie. A stiff curtain and windowpane were cutting her off, setting her apart from the world—on Christmas Eve. The old woman hugged her shawl closer around her shoulders. It seemed cold in the Nursing Home, as if everything warm were suddenly outside.

Kitty turned again to the dark. It was almost time for supper. The others were already taking their naps. In the hall, she caught herself in the mirror—the skin tight across her face, her hair gray and faded. But not tired, she thought. Just sick to death of the quiet, the awful quiet of the Home. Deliberately, almost without realizing it, Kitty opened the hall closet and took out her black coat. They hadn't let her put it on for so long. They said December was too chilly for an old woman. She fingered the wool. I wonder

if I dare There's nobody here now Why should I go back to bed and eat codfish on Christmas?

Nervously, she drew off her shawl. The idea scared her. She folded it so carefully—Tom's last present. How long ago was it? So long she couldn't remember his face anymore—it was hard remembering. The old woman braced herself on tiptoe and took down a hatbox from the top. Quickly, she wrapped the shawl between the tissues and put it back at the bottom of the closet. She tugged on the coat. Its squirrel collar hugged her neck as she buttoned it down. I'll have to be quick. . . . She unlocked the door and stepped out into the air.

A cold wind blew against her legs and around her coat. Pulling on her hat, she started down the stairs. Nothing mattered tonight. She felt weightless. Her steps sounded hollow against the bricks. A damp mist blew up from the sidewalk, wisped about in little patches, and gave the world a quilted look. Kitty was walking toward the red and blue and green lights. Christmas bells were playing far away. She kept rhythm to their ring. She watched the neon signs flashing and saw them a second time in the watery streets. *Silver Bells*—that was what they were playing. Silver bells ringing everywhere.

Christmas Eve . . . such a happy night . . . with Tom. He'd lift my arm like so . . . "Would you mind if I came along?"

(Would I mind? The Silly.) "You know I don't mind. Where shall we go?"

"We're going to find Christmas, Kitty."

Just to walk and see the beautiful shop windows with all the presents. Lights glinted from cut glass vases, diamond lights.

"Let's not shop now, Kitty. I'll buy you the vase tomorrow."

Tomorrow. Tomorrow is the turkey and the children and the tree with all the shiny bulbs. Now just walking down the avenues, around corners, and up streets, Kitty felt a happiness all through her until she didn't know the lights from the music anymore. He was so grand looking. Dark hair and blue eyes. Anyone would be proud. Tall, too—she felt so little beside him.

"Tom?" She wanted him to look down at her. "Do you think I can always be this happy?"

"Of course you can, Kitty. You can have your own special happiness inside you, all the time."

They crossed the street, dodging the puddles. A small tavern in front of them was all lighted up. Steam pressed against the windows, dripping little lines of water. Kitty could hear singing, muffled, far inside. "Oh, that's what I want tonight!" She darted ahead and pulled open the big door.

A sudden burst of heat flew against her face. People were knocking glasses and yelling and singing nothing she knew. Kitty shuddered. This wasn't right. The noise deafened her. It wasn't right. Not what she wanted at all. She turned to Tom. "I . . . Tom . . . Tom . . ." Her voice trailed off. She remembered. There wasn't any Tom.

Slowly, the old woman closed the tavern door behind her. How could anyone have been so foolish . . . so crazy. It was hard remembering. She couldn't think how she'd come. She must have looked funny talking to voices, to the air, to nobody, and grinning like a duck all the time. It was shameful.

The streets hadn't changed at all. They were just as bright. It was all a farce. The only ones who wanted the lights were happy people—the ones who didn't need them. For a minute, she hated all the glitter, all the people, the people who were crowding about now. Kitty backed into the doorway. She tried to think what to do. The tavern door flew open behind her and the noise all over again frightened her. "Stop it!" she yelled before she knew it. She was screaming at a young man coming out. "Oh . . ." she felt foolish, "I don't know what came over me!"

The man, standing there, had on work pants and gabardine jacket zipped from the waist. He stood, hands in pocket, hair flying, looking very cold. Kitty realized for the first time that she was freezing. "You waiting for someone, are you?"

"No. "I-I'm just not sure of the way. I was with . . . someone." Kitty hated herself, telling him the name of the Home. What would he think?

"Oh, yeah." He nodded his head across the way. "I know where it is. C'mon. I'll walk you. It isn't so far." He went off whistling and Kitty ran a few steps to catch up. He smiled down at her. "I'm going too fast, eh? My wife always says that. I take giant steps. She's little, like you. Like a sparrow, I tell her."

They walked a while more. Kitty kept watching him. He was young like they were. Happy, and so lucky. "You're going home now, I suppose. That must be . . ."

"No, I'm not going home." The answer startled her. After a while he added, "Oh, it isn't I don't like my wife. Sounds funny, I guess, but things've been a little tough. I don't have a present, even a wreath. Doesn't make much sense going home."

"But you can't leave her alone on Christmas!" Suddenly, Kitty could see the girl, all alone somewhere, looking at other people's Christmases. He couldn't just stay away.

"It's better that way," he answered.

They were in front of the Home now. Kitty thanked him. "I'd never have found the way."

"Don't mention it! I was coming this way anyhow."

The old woman saw him starting off. "Oh, wait!" He turned back. "Wait a minute!" She ran up the stairs, opened the door. She'd have to be quiet. It wouldn't do to have them find her now. "Don't go yet!" she whispered again. Please don't let them find me.

The shawl. Where had she put the shawl? Not on the top. Here, at the bottom. She took it out of the box, wrapped in tissue, and stuffed it in a bag. If they heard her, they'd be out in a minute.

The old woman was on the steps again. "Here, give this to your wife." She handed down the bag. "Tell her *Merry Christmas*. Go on now—and tell her."

The man took the bag woodenly, almost embarrassed. "You mean it?" He slid it under one arm, without ever taking his hand out of his pocket. "I'll tell her and . . . thanks!"

Kitty stood watching him whistle off down the street. She'd probably have a cold tomorrow, and a scolding. But they'd have a good Christmas, the young ones. Her world seemed glittering again. The mist was still hanging close. Buildings across the way were huddled together. She could see the neon sign again—*Joy to the World*. The sign was a lie and Tom had been right. Joy wasn't in the world. It was only inside her—a beautiful joy for all the world.

The Truthman

*He came along,
A ragged man,
And sat upon
A cadaver tree.
He sat a long while
In the wood
Beside the greenblue
Summer pool . . .
A leafblue, skygreen
Swaying pond.*

*He did not know
Of mind big things . . .
Cityborn splashes
Of facile canvas color
Being nothing but
A nowhere piece
Of falling
Down
Into
A Hole.*

And wordplay poets . . .

*And Pandar men of Janus peace
Sitting round their
Big, black wooden tables
Playing tic tac
On a flesh pad
With blood ink.*

*He knew one thing
About the time.
That he and just the good wood
The good, brown wood
Were all that time
Saw fit to give.
That's all he took
And left
To live.*

Ellen L. Kelly, '60



The Cat

*Sitsquat, Cat! Glisten
On the sunpatch.
Listen to the nighttime purr
of a bush-sound house.
Lick along your paws, Cat!
Dart nowhere allover
Everywhere . . .
Bounce on sunbubbles,
Pawpat dustdens,
Birdpester, fishtease,
Be queen. . . .
If you please.*

*Until
You hear
People-feet
On the stair.*

*Then sit, Cat!
Like a plaster sister of the cat that
Owned the house
A million aeons of a sunslicked second
Before.*

Ellen L. Kelly, '60

Superstition

*A solid,
startling,
truth . . .*
*But first
Kiss a Katydid,
Throw salt
over your
shoulder;*

*Then,
Dance around
three times.*

*Cross across a Blackie Cat?
Cross across your path?*

OK
*Toss away your hazel root
And cover your head.*

You're dead.

*A cat,
Oho!
A Blackie Cat!*

No good
It's dogma
veracious finalitude

*You're dead,
Oho!
You're dead.*

Ellen L. Kelly, '60

Siloe

AND I WENT

*in my humdrum darkness; noise
hot-strong, jostling tap-tap stick-walk;
drying-fast-mud dabbled One called prophet
—I called for light, not mud—
and now dogs and dust licking my ankles
and I—out of safe blind man's nook
for what? Water (what water),
must find this,
wash this mud.
—His voice,
His hand
burn.*

I WASHED

*in water, cold, swish-lapping my hand,
tinkling quick, quick away from hand's grasp back,
little jingles, drumming the tambourine,
drips into Siloe falling, died again
in pool of silence. More,*

*I, restless, pull up handfuls of cool things:
water—what is it?—yes,
water for mud,
for my eyes,
for some light—
what is light?*

AND I SEE

*light, O light,
see, up, see into brimming brightness!
Down into Siloe: bright dance!
There, away—light, color,
there it is! New birth
burns, flames—impossibly swift,
dear, precious life
on dead man's eyelids!
God, does it take so much
—into so much, out of nothing—
to believe?*

Sister Mary Antanina, F.M.M., '61

The Rabbit Hutch

Ellen L. Kelly, '60

IT WAS a hot, hot August day, one of the last of the summer. Outside the dentist's office, people mopped their foreheads and plodded along to the rhythm of the darning-needle bug . . . ZZZ . . . zzz . . . zzz.

Inside the dentist's office, it was two o'clock and cool because Dr. Bailey had a big electric fan in the window. Augustus R. Sullivan, better known as Gus, sat in a big rattan chair swinging his feet hard against the rungs. Gus's shirt clung to his back even though it was cool in the office. This was because Gus had a big lump for a left cheek, like a squirrel in November, and he could hear the sound of the drill going behind the big, white door . . . ZZZ . . . zzz . . . zzz.

“Augustus!”

His mother was sitting on the other side of the guppie bowl next to him. He leaned over and stared at her through the pop-eyed fish. She looked all blown up and puffy from his side.

“What?” he said as best as he could through the wad of cotton his mother had shoved in his mouth before they left.

“Look at me, right, dear. I want to tell you something.”

Gus peeked around the corner of the bowl and thought it was more fun seeing her from the other side.

“How do you feel, dear?” She had said that at least fifteen times in the last ten minutes, Gus thought.

“Okay.”

They both knew that this was a big fib because Gus had

been up the whole night before with his tooth and he felt terrible.

"Never mind, dear. It will be all over in a minute."

Gus nodded. His mother patted his hand and the drill droned in the background . . . ZZZ . . . zzz . . . zzz. Suddenly it stopped. Doctor Bailey thrust his head through the door and winked at Gus. "Be with you in a minute, old man. Hold tight!"

Gus nodded and chewed the pain in his tooth against the cotton wadding. He swung his feet faster and faster to the rhythm of the drill and wondered what he could do to fill up time. His mother was reading a *Life* magazine with a picture of an iceberg on the cover. Gus looked at it for a long time and pretended it was on his tooth. He got tired of this after a minute or so and leafed through the comic books on the table beside the guppie bowl. He had every one of them at home.

Just then the big door swung open and a tall boy came out of the drill room. Gus decided he must have been the victim because he looked drilled on. He came over and sat in the chair next to Gus. Gus looked at him with interest for a minute and he didn't even think of his tooth.

Dr. Bailey announced loudly from somewhere behind the door that he would take a Mrs. Gill first and the little old lady across from Gus got up and went in the office. Doctor Bailey poked his head out the door on her way in and said the same thing that he had said before, "Hold tight, old man!"

Gus didn't even pay attention to him this time because he was sure that he was going to keep saying that while he took seven hundred people ahead of Gus. Besides, Gus was

too busy looking out of the side of his eye at the boy who sat next to him.

The boy was tall and thin. Gus thought he looked sort of sad. His long hands, folded in his lap, looked very white after the summer. Gus looked down at his own hands folded in his lap. They looked very brown and fat to him.

Gus watched the boy for a long time and wondered if he should talk to him. He wanted to very badly.

I'll see if he takes a funny book to read . . . or maybe even talks to someone else, Gus thought. But the boy didn't. He just sat for a long time with his eyes down and his hands folded in his lap. Gus cleared his throat and swung his feet hard. He moved the piece of cotton to the back of his mouth. "Hello!" he said in a loud enough voice.

The boy looked at him, his brown eyes round with question. "Hello . . .," he said, uncertainly.

"I'm waiting for the dentist to see me," Gus said matter of factly.

"Oh!" said the boy. "I've just been in."

"Yeah, I know. I saw you come out. How come you're not going if you're finished?"

"I'm waiting for my mother." The boy looked at his hands when he said this. He had them so tight that his knuckles showed white.

"I've got mine with me. She's over there." Gus jerked his head in the direction of the guppies.

"She's pretty." The boy looked sort of sad when he said this.

Gus turned quickly to look at his mother all over again. "Yeah," he said. "She is pretty . . . isn't she?"

Gus couldn't think of anything more to say. He chewed his cotton again because his tooth began to hurt.

"Say, you've got yourself quite a pain there, haven't you?" The boy stared at him as if he really knew how it felt. Gus nodded slowly. Then he said importantly, "Had them all up until three in the morning, it was so bad."

"Really?"

"Yup. And you should have heard the screaming and hollering. My mother called up Dr. Bailey at two-thirty in the morning!"

"Gee!"

Gus leaned over the boy so that his mother wouldn't hear the next thing that he was going to say. "That's why he's making me sit here. He's going to make me suffer like they do on television."

The boy's face clouded and he looked at his hands.

"What's the matter?"

"Nothing."

"Don't you have a television?" Gus thought he was being funny because he knew just about everyone in the world had a television, except maybe Africans.

"No . . . no, we . . . we don't."

Gus's chin dropped. He couldn't believe his ears. He didn't know what to say for a while. He liked the boy so he decided to ask him his name.

"Luke . . . Luke Potter," the boy said.

"I'm Gus. My mother calls me Augustus."

"Hello, Gus." Luke put out his hand just like a man. "I'm very glad to meet you."

Gus looked as serious as he could and shook hands with Luke. "How old are you, Luke?"

"Eleven."

"I'm nine. That makes you older than me. I knew you were anyway. You're taller and you look older."

"Augustus Sullivan, you shouldn't be talking so much with that tooth. Do you hear me?"

Gus looked at his mother and winked. He always winked when he had something good to tell her. He wanted to tell her now about Luke. "Mom, this is Luke."

Luke stood up and shook hands with her just as he had with Gus. Gus could tell she liked him because she looked impressed.

"He's my new friend," Gus added.

"That's nice," Gus's mother murmured. "I'm glad." She smiled at both of them as Luke went back to his seat.

"Did you really mean that? Did you really mean that about me being your friend, Gus?"

Gus nodded.

"Gosh," Luke said. "Gosh."

They sat for a long time, still waiting for the drill to stop. Gus didn't mind the wait so much this time because he had Luke. He looked at Luke once in a while. When he saw Luke looking back, he smiled. "Luke . . . Luke, what did you do all summer?"

"Didn't do much of anything."

"Didn't you go swimming or anything?"

"No . . . my mother . . . she doesn't like me to."

"Oh."

"Well you see . . . she's sort of, well she . . . she's sort of sick. And well, she . . ."

"I know, Luke. My mother was sick for three whole days last winter and, boy, was she crabby."

Luke sank back into his chair and bent his head like an old man. "Yeah, that's sort of like it . . . only not all the way."

"Luke, didn't you do anything at all this summer, any little thing?"

Luke's eyes brightened and he sat on the edge of his chair. "I've got these two bunnies. I've only had them a week. I found them hiding in the newspapers on our back porch. They're little brown things and they're good."

"Say, Luke, that's keen. What do you mean you didn't do anything this summer?"

"Only . . . only. . . ." Luke's face grew red, "I can't keep them. I've gotta get rid of them. My mother says they're messy."

"Gee, Luke, that's too bad."

"Gus, Gus do you think . . ." Luke's face grew pleading and anxious. He leaned forward in his chair. "Do you think you could take them? Please!"

"Real bunnies?" Gus looked wide-eyed. He plotted, "Only I wouldn't keep them for my very own because they're yours. I'd only mind them and you could come over to visit lots. Oh Mom, could I?"

"Could you what?"

"Could I take the bunnies that Luke's mother says he can't keep for my own. Only not keep them, mind them for him and he could visit"

"Now just a minute, son, you hardly know Luke. We can't expect to"

"Oh, please, Mrs. Sullivan!" Luke stood up and his long arms hung stiffly by his sides. He clenched and unclenched his fists nervously. "I gotta give them to someone good, I gotta. If I don't, my mother, she's gonna . . . she's gonna kill them."

"Oh, now, Luke, you mustn't say that."

"But she is, she said she would." His eyes narrowed, "You don't know my mother."

Gus had never seen his mother look at anyone the way she looked at Luke. Somewhere behind the three of them the drill stopped.

"Okay, Gus boy. It's your turn." Dr. Bailey opened the door wide and let the little old lady out of his office.

Luke grabbed Gus's arm. "Please, you gotta do it for me. I live at 320 Shore Road, on the Point. Please!"

"I'll come tomorrow. Won't I, Mom . . . ?"

"We'll see . . . I don't know . . . but we'll see."

"Good-bye, Gus." Luke stood in the middle of the office and looked awfully sad to Gus.

"Won't you be here when I come out?"

"No . . . she'll be here soon . . . and well, she'll be going . . . right away."

"Good-bye, Luke. I'll see you tomorrow."

When Dr. Bailey got Gus in the chair, he looked into his jaw and shook his head from side to side. "Doesn't look too good, old man."

Gus swallowed hard as best he could with his mouth wide open and looked at his mother, but she was staring out the window over Gus's head. Dr. Bailey was sharpening his tools, Gus guessed.

"Dr. Bailey?"

"Mmmm-mmm?" Dr. Bailey was coming at Gus with some sleepy stuff.

"Do you know anything about that Potter boy . . . I mean, what's wrong there, Doctor? Do you know . . . ?" Gus knew that she was using double-talk over his head and he tried to listen, even though Doctor Bailey was coming at him with all those awful things.

"Easy does it, Gus boy Don't know too much. He hasn't been here often. There you go, son It'll be all over in a minute." Doctor Bailey looked far away to Gus, on another planet. He floated somewhere over his head, far away. Gus could still hear them talking from someplace.

"Mother's sort of odd . . . husband died when the boy was young . . . won't let him out . . . darn nice kid . . . it's a shame."

Luke floated all around Gus with his rabbits and Luke's mother chased Luke and the rabbits with a big gun.

It was a good Saturday. The sun beamed overhead and Gus pressed his face against the window of the car. His tongue probed the empty socket where his tooth had been.

"Imagine being sick three whole days with a little old tooth," he mumbled.

"What's that, Augustus?" His mother stared at him as they pulled up at a red light near the corner of his street.

"Nothing." He wriggled in his seat impatiently, staring at the light and wishing hard for it to turn green.

"Don't worry, Gus; we'll be there soon."

Gus grinned. His mother always knew what to say to make him feel good. She'd known what to say to make Luke feel good, too.

Gus looked at all the trees and fields they were passing. I wonder what they'll look like in the snow, he thought, when we come out to get Luke for the hundredth time. The rabbits will be so big then—"I hope Luke likes vegetable soup, Mom."

"Why do you say that, Gus?"

"That's what we have on Saturday. If he's going to be coming out to our house"

“Don’t plan so far ahead, Augustus. Let’s just see what happens today.”

“But how much longer, Mom?”

“Just around this bend, I think. Yes, right near the old Howell place.” She looked ahead out of the window and frowned. “I didn’t think anyone lived out here anymore, but then, Doctor Bailey said”

“Doctor Bailey said what, Mom?”

“Here we are.” They stopped in front of a big, peeling house in the middle of a clump of trees away from the sun. Gus’s smile faded when he looked at it. He knew why Luke had looked so sad that day. He swallowed, “Well, someone does live here, Mom.”

Gus’s mother stared at the house. “Yes . . . I suppose someone does”

“Luke does, Mom. Luke does. C’mon, please!”

His mother looked at him oddly and, without a word, got out of the car. As they walked up the path together, she took his hand. Gus was glad. He was a little bit afraid. They came up on a front porch littered with papers and debris. “Are you going to ring the bell, Gus?”

“Okay, Mom.” Gus walked up to the big front door and pressed the old-fashioned button in the middle. At first, no one answered and Gus looked at his mother uncertainly. Then the door opened. It was Luke. “Hi!” Gus screamed and jumped a little step towards Luke. Luke smiled and grabbed Gus’s arm. “Gosh, I didn’t think you’d come.”

“I said I would, didn’t I, Mom?”

“Yes, you did, son. Hello, Luke.”

“Hello, Mrs. Sullivan.”

Luke glanced back over his shoulder at the dark hall. “Look, I’m sorry, Gus, but” He looked again at Gus’s

mother, "You'd better go because . . . my mother"

"Who's that out there, Luke?" A woman's voice sounded from the inside. "Did you hear me, who is that?"

"Please, Gus"

Gus looked desperately at Luke and then at his mother. "But Luke, how" He waved his hands emptily. "What about the rabbits?"

"They're dead."

Gus stared at him. Suddenly, a messy woman, someone who couldn't be anyone's mother, came up behind Luke and grabbed him by the collar. Luke broke away and ran inside. She leaned against the door jamb, smiling wildly at Gus's mother. "You must be for the rabbits." She brushed a wisp of hair out of her face. "They're gone, the dirty things," she called over her shoulder down the dark hall. "Aren't they, Luke?"

Gus could see Luke crouched on a stair far inside. Luke got up and ran somewhere, sobbing, he didn't know where, away from him.

"Sorry!" The woman shut the big door quietly. All Gus could hear was the sound of Luke crying, somewhere down the corridor.

"Mom?" Frightened, Gus looked at his mother. "What can we do?"

His mother was still staring at the door. "We can go."

"But, Mom"

"Come, Augustus!" She took his hand and walked down the path. Gus glanced back at the house as they left the gate.

"Maybe . . . maybe I'll see him again . . . maybe the next time I go to the dentist." He looked up at his mother.

"Yes, Gus." His mother looked back at the house, too. "Maybe you will, but come, . . . now."



Nativity

*All the stars shook,
And ages quivered
On thin silver threads.*

*Full—full was night
Of this blue rustle,
Star against star brushing,
Like silver moth-wings.*

*Then came angels
And swept the skies
With wide wings
And set them ringing—
Each star and
Each silver string.*

*O how with singing
Filled the blue billows
Of a deep sky!
And two small hands
Held all the music,
All the light,
And pressed it
To a small white cheek.*

Sister Mary Antanina, F.M.M., '61

Modern Dress in Liturgical Art

Catherine T. Arapoff, '62

As a part of a symposium on Modern Dress in Sacred Representations, liturgical artists were asked to comment on the portrayal of Christ and the Saints in contemporary dress. Since artists of the Middle Ages presented Christ in the dress of that time, some moderns have thought that contemporary artists should follow the same precedent. The following article is, substantially, Miss Arapoff's answer to the question which was printed in the Pentecost number of the 1957 Catholic Art Quarterly.

Should Our Divine Savior Jesus Christ, the Blessed Lady, and the Saints be portrayed in modern dress? The three factors of truth, tradition, and taste say no. Would a painting of Christ in modern dress inspire more devotion? No, for the distracting innovation of modern dress would place too much attention on the physical. A painting of Christ should remind us of His Divinity.

I think the idea of Christ in modern dress is irreverent chiefly because Christ is not walking physically among us now. Some artists seem to think that in presenting Christ in modern dress they are bringing Him closer to us. That is not true. The priceless treasure of the Divinity of Jesus Christ is perpetuated in His Holy Catholic Church. Christ is present with us today in daily Mass.

A respect for tradition is necessary because the religious artist is not concerned with interesting the public by originality. This attitude in no way limits the artist. Think of the painters of the Russian icon. They had definite rules on composition and style (the reason being to stress the spiritual), yet within these boundaries they were able, through the inspiration of the Holy Ghost, to create icons, each different and distinctive. It is more than possible, with the technical skill and freedom of the modern artist, to portray Christ with reverence, beauty, and simplicity.

The third factor, taste, is an aesthetic consideration. The painters of the Middle Ages and the Renaissance depicted Christ beautifully. Though they showed Christ in the dress of their times, the flowing robes of that period were not different from the simple, modest garments worn during the time of Christ's life on earth. Yet a good part of the world's population still wears flowing robes. And even a nun's habit is not unlike the dress of Our Lady. There seems no necessity, from an aesthetic point of view, for depicting Christ in modern dress.

When an artist portrays Christ, I think that he should believe that we serve the Faith through art which gives glory to God. The artist must remember that Truth, Goodness, and Beauty are essential to his art.

Narcissus

Marian McDonnell, '61

I intrigue me. Naturally, I cannot speak for my acquaintances, but if I were in a position to cultivate my friendship—I'd cultivate it. But then again, to be perfectly humble about this whole thing, it may well be that it isn't so much I who intrigues me, but rather the amazing volatility of the spirit of the inner man. Prevailing circumstances happen to be such that I am the only inner man with whom I am familiar.

To illustrate the case in point—I have noted that it is common for me to slounce* along from mood to mood without the slightest conscious provocation. Obviously, this phenomenon can prove rather unsettling, particularly when my frame of mind seems uncongenial to the general atmosphere. I do not, please understand, encourage this albatross. Neither do I discourage it. To be perfectly truthful, I'd like to rid myself of the accursed nuisance, but I suspect that with it would go any shred of mystery which may serve to attract the expanding cult of personality probers.

A personality prober, for those of you who have recently emerged from your bush-country Pantisocracy, is an extremely Socratic and empathetic party, who has as his ultimate end the ferreting out of "fascinating people." Of course it goes without saying that in order to be a "fascinating person," it is quite helpful to be in a state of complete mental disorder. The natural result of this progressive trend is that there are very few people who are willing to admit that they consistently received top rating in emotional stability on the reverse side of their high school report cards.

* slounce — contraction of slump and bounce.

It would appear that the only glimmer of hope for these unfortunate few, lies in giving the impression that they are sincerely making an effort to bring forth chaos from order. As I have mentioned, I find that the most effective means of creating such an impression is to tolerate, if not cultivate, certain dispositional fluctuations.

Quite some time ago, I noticed that these characteristic fluctuations have also resulted in a distressingly unstable Muse. Within the past three hours, for example, my mood has shifted three times, resulting in diverse types of literature.† This piece, of course, is the result of benign joviality. Immediately preceding this, however, was a sort of Japanese Rainbow Maiden thing, product of escapist regression and a Utopian fixation. My earliest attempt was explosive; a starkly emotional revelation of my secret soul. It had everything—frustration, pathos, drama. I wrote it in the back of a church. Final results? I am giving to posterity this relatively harmless pace-changer. I drew a sketch of the Rainbow Maiden and gave it to my sister to color. I annihilated the emotional study, in anticipation of the posthumous publication of my personal papers.

Where does all of this leave us? Well, as I have mentioned elsewhere, I intrigue me. The rapidity and ease of my temperamental variations fill me with reverential awe. If left to my own devices, I believe that I might have consigned myself to the ranks of the perpetually sanguine. It might have been. But enough of sad words; there is a brighter side. Without my dispositions, I wouldn't intrigue me, and without me, my dispositions would have nowhere to go. The day's at the morn, and ours is a beautiful symbiotic relationship.

† literature — writing in which the aesthetic sense is dominant.



Goodbye, Pop . . .

Eileen Warren, '60

OLD MIKE stood on the curb outside the bar and tried to focus his eyes to see the cars moving on the street. But his eyes kept watering and the early spring wind blew cold mist into his face.

"Maybe I shouldn't have had that last whiskey," he thought to himself, stepping carefully off the curb. "The boys will think I'm drunk again." Mike always worried about what his boys would think but he would never admit to himself that somewhere inside he already knew what they thought.

The old man made his way slowly down to where his street, dim and deserted, cut sharply into the tenement-block. Baker Place was more like an alley, barely wide enough for a car to pass through. Mike drew his hands out of his overall pockets to keep his balance better and listened to his own uneven footsteps in the gravel—the only sound he was aware of against the background of humming cars. He stopped instinctively at the fourth set of stairs that lined the street and climbed them heavily, gripping the bannister.

"I wonder if it's much past suppertime," he muttered to himself, easing into the warm, musty hall. "I hope Jimmy didn't mind me not making supper as usual . . . he's a good boy . . . probably took care of himself."

Old Mike spotted the light under the door when he reached the third landing. "Ah, that's good. Jimmy's home. He's a good boy. I'll have him make me a cup of tea." He pushed open the door and squinted into the yellow light. "Jimmy! Jimmy, where are you?"

Jimmy came over to the open bedroom doorway, his

clumsy, muscular frame shadowing across the living room. His glance swept past his father, encompassing the room, the night, and the darkness outside. Then, without a word, he walked back into the bedroom and began plowing noisily through bureau drawers.

"What's the matter with you?" Mike hollered, trying to sound angry. "I suppose you're mad I didn't fix supper for you. Well, there was nobody here when I got home, so I thought I'd waste away a bit of time over at the Lindy."

"It's quarter past ten, Pop! I ate out. Listen: I've told you before, you don't need to go puttering around the kitchen, doing cooking. Not for me. Maybe Michael needs that sort of thing. But not me!"

Old Mike ran his fingers through his white, sweat-tangled hair. "That's gratitude for you!" he cried, steadying himself against the arm of the sofa. "Listen, boy, ever since your mother died, I've cooked and kept house for you and your brother. Twenty years!"

Jimmy was at the doorway again, his hands on his hips. "I wish you'd stop calling me *boy*, Pop. Twenty-nine isn't exactly a boy. And don't give me that line about taking care of me all these years. It's been my money that's kept this house running. And I'm sick of your lousy cooking and this dirty, scrubby house. It hasn't been clean since Jean stopped coming up, and that's been almost two months."

The old man's head whirled dizzily when he tried to straighten up, "Oh, yes! Your Jean. She was too good for us. Always pestering you with big ideas about leaving."

Jimmy threw down the shirts he had in his hands, glaring at Mike. "Too good? Hell! She came up here every week and cleaned this rotten house until she couldn't stand the smell anymore." He turned away quickly and stared at his reflection in the unshaded window. The hopelessness of it

all seemed to smother him. "Oh, never mind," he muttered after a minute. "Look, Pop, do you know where that suitcase is that I bought a while back? I thought I left it under the bed but I can't find it."

Old Mike turned back to the living room. "I don't know, Jimmy. I think your brother Michael sold that a month ago." The old man stretched himself over the length of the sofa. "What do you want a suitcase for?"

"I can't hear you, Pop."

"The suitcase. What's it for?"

"Pop, I told you last week I was leaving. I can't help it if you're too foolish to believe me. Jean found me a new place."

"Oh, that's a good boy, Jimmy. I'm glad you're getting married at last."

"I'm not getting married, Pop. I'm just leaving."

The words spun crazily in Mike's head. He means it this time, he thought. Jimmy means it. "You ungrateful wretch!" he screamed. "Leaving after all these years, and for no reason."

"Pop, you know I have to. Not because of you. But for me. I'm sorry."

Suddenly, Mike felt weary, but not with the weariness that comes of a day, but the kind that seeps into a man's bones over long years. And then, he didn't care anymore. "I'm going over to the Lindy," he called back, opening the front door. "If you've got a mind to say good-bye to me, that's where I'll be."

Mike eased down the stairs and pushed open the door into the street. It was still drizzling and the rain felt fresh on his face. The lights from the Lindy across the way danced at him through the mist, and they suddenly looked bright and good and happy.

Christmas Make-Believe

Marian McDonnell, '61

I plod through the slush and pass a low billboard on which Santa Claus guzzles somebody's yellow beer without dribbling any on his beard. There is a Christmas-card house ahead, to the left; a warm place with a big, gay wreath on the door, and a gilt lawn-sign which says *Funeral Home*.

I guess a fourteen-year-old tomboy like Mary wouldn't think much about death. She had been tiny, and although her legs had been lost in her first pair of nylons (which she pretended to despise), she could lick any boy in the neighborhood. But it was almost as if she had a hole in her heart, because something good spilled out wherever she went.

Some of the eighth-graders are huddled together in the driveway. They've already been inside. They've gaped at a Mary with clean fingernails and they've been hurt because Mary's sister, Frannie, didn't throw her arms around her classmates and beg for the solace only they could give. Right now they're trying to outcry one another—I suppose that gives them prestige.

I have to wait on the porch for a while, because nobody wants to leave and make room. It's a good-sized porch, and I see a couple of girls from my high school class. One of them knew Mary, the other one just came along for the walk. The one who didn't know her has a Kleenex ready in her hand.

A cigar-puffing stranger pushes me through the crowded doorway, and suddenly I can't breathe. A fat lady with a tinsel corsage is frustated because she can't get a glimpse of a little girl who's dead. She can't even see the family and derive a macabre thrill from the fact that they're not taking it well at all. By rights, this wake should be good for at least

a week of re-hashing, but someone starts to pray, and the fat lady slumps to her knees with a groan.

The prayers are finished, and things become a little more gratifying. Now they can see the flowers with the labels, *Mom and Dad, Sister, Your Loving Brothers, and Friends from School*. It's easy to cry now, and grown women peek through their sorrow to see how their tears measure up to Gertrude Clancy's. I look at them disgustedly, and my high school friend tells me that I'm a brute.

It's my turn now to kneel at the coffin, and I smile at the frilly yellow dress and the patent-leather shoes. This isn't Mary—so I rise.

I don't plan to speak to Mary's mother; I decide to just nod, and go, but she turns from a blubbering stranger and takes hold of my hand. Here is no hysteria, no awareness of curious eyes, no hatred for those who come with soggy handkerchiefs and say, "Doesn't she look lovely!" Here instead is weariness. "She didn't make it, did she?" And I have to answer, "Well, Mrs. Clark, I guess in one way she did make it." Then she looks at me for a minute, nods, and I move on.

I say something very profound to Frannie, and to two of the three brothers. But Eddie, seventeen, the town tough guy, stands staring at an open casket. His face twists and he repeats in a sing-song moan, "I was so mean to her."

So I force myself out into the darkness, and I let the wind seek shelter beneath my unbuttoned coat. Sure, I know that was Mary, or rather, it was Mary's shell. But I haven't any tears, only a deep, deep hollow in my chest. I hate myself and I hate those slobbering people. Then I realize that I'm glaring up at Santa Claus, still guzzling someone's yellow beer. I hate him too, so I scoop up a great mound of filthy slush, and I hurl it at the billboard with all my strength. As I run, the slush trickles down, and Santa's tears are mine.

A Story of Jazz

Eileen Warren, '60

JAZZ has long been the scorned stepchild of music. It has often been dismissed for a variety of reasons: either it is "low-brow," or "primitive," or even "immoral." Yet for anyone who would become musically mature, it cannot be entirely overlooked as a compelling kind of music.

It is sometimes difficult to understand the antagonism directed at jazz; but perhaps it has something to do with the origins of the music. Nearly everyone knows the almost hackneyed New Orleans myth about the beginnings of jazz; that it developed from basic West African rhythms imported with Southern slaves. This African influence combined in America, and more specifically in New Orleans, with European ideas of melody and harmony, to produce the phenomenon called jazz. But the relation to Africa unfailingly reminds the sophisticated American of wild uncontrolled primitivism. Yet the rhythms from which jazz developed are more complex than anything found in "classical" or so-called "serious" music. Many of these African rhythms are impossible to score, because a number of different ones are used, each crossing the other. American jazz is usually played in four-four or standard time, but its rhythmic complexity is due to the musicians' experimenting with and "playing around" the basic rhythm. Erroll Garner, for example, achieves his distinctive piano styling by letting his left hand lag just a little behind the tempo he sets with his right hand.

Perhaps a more sensational element in the development of jazz is the early associations of its musicians with dope, boot-legging, and prostitution. Indeed it is true that the

New Orleans "red light" district where jazz was first played was notorious as a habitation for every conceivable vice. The environment into which jazz was born was socially decadent, but this is a fact to be held more against the society which produced such a reaction (jazz was played first as a sign of freedom by the American Negro, part of a reaction against earlier restrictions) than against the music itself. But critics claim that music played by people like these could not be good or artistic, but must be intrinsically immoral. It is like saying Dylan Thomas could not have written good poetry because he was an alcoholic.

True, too, is the fact that many of the early jazzmen couldn't read scored music. They were not, however, illiterate musically. They attained their precision through practice, imitation, and an innate "feeling." And it is evident that simply being able to read a score does not make a musician.

Jazz, however, has changed its associations. With its new-found respectability, though, has come an unavoidable alteration in some of the characteristics of the music. There are those who say that not only the characteristics, but the essential nature of the music has changed, so that the early Dixieland-type jazz is something entirely different from progressive or modern jazz. The trend in jazz today is to ally the music more closely with European standards, to make it more precise, more intelligent. According to the traditionalist school, this is exactly what is wrong with modern jazz. The moderns, they say, have changed even the nature of improvisation, the most important ingredient of jazz playing. With the early New Orleans or Dixieland bands, improvisation depended on the whole group, each player relying on the other to contribute to the overall harmony. This type of music, claim Dixieland advocates,

was more demanding, and more artistic, since each man had to have an instinctive feeling or knowledge of the note that another man would play. Improvisation in modern jazz is usually accomplished through a break in the piece, when one man improvises in a solo.

Modern jazz, too, has replaced the brassy sounds of the older bands by relying on more delicate reed instruments rather than on the louder trumpet or trombone. It draws academically trained players, many of whom studied music in college, and who are familiar with classical notation and arrangement. The New Orleans school musicians claim that these players, Dave Brubeck, for instance, merely "ape" European style, and if they tried, they might be "almost as good" as the classical musicians they imitate. To these attacks, the modern jazzmen reply that their music is part of the culture and must grow and expand with it. Dixieland was good in its place, and it made a solid foundation upon which later musicians could work.

The precise, intellectual aim of the progressivists, however, has brought about a paradox which few people foresaw. To some, "written jazz" does not seem an actual contradiction, which it is. The recent success of the "Peter Gunn" albums proved this fact, since they were widely interpreted as the epitome of modern jazz. Actually, the albums were entirely scored beforehand, to produce a pre-determined effect. They left no room for improvisation upon which jazz essentially depends.

The story of jazz is complicated, especially when one tries to follow the many trends which took place in the short space of fifty years. To an untrained ear, the music sounds discordant; yet its complexity mirrors well the society it attempts to communicate. But somehow the society seems only vaguely aware of the music and all too disinterested

in its development. Nat Hentoff, an editor of *Down Beat*, arguing that jazz needs a strong American audience, says:

During the past half-century, the American intellectual artist has continued to search restlessly and often profoundly for the roots of his culture. . . . But in all this searching, one of the most unmistakable strains of American culture—both as a musical language and as a way of life—has been almost entirely overlooked.

Jazz, however, has been overlooked much too long to continue to be neglected. The movement of jazz bands into the concert hall seems to indicate that the stepchild is really growing up. Modern jazz, in particular, has done much to show the world that it is neither primitive, nor immoral, nor illiterate.

Presentiment

*I have a feeling of a somewhere,
unwhere here.*

*Cloud-powder spattered on
slippery skies
points tumbling fingers to other places.*

*Slits of violet-eyed sunsets peer
into haunting, fleeting-as-a-love regions,
unknown and unmeasured.*

*Even glinting star-chips
cannot tell me of that veiled expanse
but only whisper unintelligibly
of the areas they pave.*

Mary Harrington, '61

Observateur

Elinor Bowes, '61

BOOSTON—22 miles. Indicating a southward direction with an apathetic black arrow-finger, a silent sign-post rigidly stands sentinel duty at the Salem-Swampscott line. Each day Mr. Commuter finds himself following the guided route, becoming one of the multitude, a reluctant party in the frantic rush . . . to what? Boston—10 miles.

“You take the high road, and I’ll take the low road . . .” and who’ll hit the traffic jam sooner? Mr. Commuter has a choice. He either heads up the ramp of the Mystic River Bridge, cursing himself for not having gone by way of the Sumner Tunnel, or he crawls into that gopher hole, wishing he hadn’t missed the turn-off for the bridge. But, never mind, he has paid the admission fee and he is almost in the theater. Swept along the last stretch of the conveyor belt spanning the Mystic River, Mr. Commuter finds himself again wishing he had taken the tunnel route. The fog of traffic clears, and when he sees the “come hither” glances of sun-specked office windows, he stops brooding. The doors of the theater swing open. The orchestra plays . . . a discordant, modern-jazz symphony of blaring horns and shrieking whistles. Here is the show . . . here is Boston.

Mr. Commuter watches Boston from a window in the John Hancock building, or from a third floor of Jordan Marsh, or from the back seat of the M.T.A. bus. He sees it from his classroom as he lectures drowsy students, or from a laboratory window, where he is experimenting in photosynthesis. He never quite knows Boston. But he experiences

a certain affinity with the city, so that when the Red Sox win a game, or a well-known personality claims Boston as her home-town, or when the dialogue in a movie mentions Boston, he can sit up and smile knowingly, and perhaps glance surreptitiously to see if anyone is whispering, "He must be from Boston."

Now Mr. Commuter thinks he is part of Boston. But he is still watching. He hasn't quite perfected a Bostonian's look of complete ennui when a subway car stops and not at a station. Mr. Commuter gapes at first, and then in a flurry of embarrassment, opens his paper and reads it. Before crossing a street, the cautious Mr. Commuter looks both ways and is usually left standing on the curb, while Boston's own dart between the rushing cars to the opposite side.

Mr. Commuter will never embrace Boston and take the Hub entirely into his heart. He doesn't know the State House, the Common, the Swan-Boats, Mrs. Jack's, Fenway Park, Bunker Hill, John Kennedy, the Cardinal. As long as he looks, Mr. Commuter won't love Boston. He'll appreciate her, because she's given a good show. Then he'll go home.

He'll go out of the theater each night, back into the desperate exodus. He'll crawl into his gopher hole or slip on to his conveyor belt, join with his fellow disciples of the road and plow through the twenty-two miles of traffic back to Salem. Mr. Commuter is home for the night. Tomorrow brings another "spectacular." He'll be there again, in the first row, the choice seats, watching, watching . . . Boston.

EDITORIAL

Emmanuel

Christmas, Christ in us. God, overflowing in love, creating us to share in His life. His light shining on us from the depth of eternity. A love so great, He came as a Child dispelling our blindness by the force of His brightness. We are never groping in darkness, but illumined by Christ. He was not once in a stable, with us for a time, and returned into Heaven. His grace is constant; not occasional, but daily; not dying, but growing in force. In us is Bethlehem, receiving the Lord. He is born every minute in us; in us is Christmas.

The liturgy at Christmastide is not commemorating the fact that God came, because He is coming always in the very same miracle. Rather, since even the extraordinary is accepted in time, especially at this season we honor His miracle.

Christmas, Christ in us, mysterious and simple, is celebrated wonderfully by the Church in her liturgy. The first Mass of Christmas at midnight is the black night of Bethlehem made gold by His presence, and the sin on our soul erased by His grace.

The prayers of the Mass, in beautiful cadence, reflect joy at His coming, their simplicity magnifying the profundity of the mystery. The Child begotten "in the brightness of the saints, from the womb before the day-star," is.

His birth shines out the miracle that cleansed the sin of Israel. We, too, ask for that redeeming grace. "O God," we pray, "Who hast made this most holy night to shine forth with the brightness of the true light, grant, we beseech Thee,

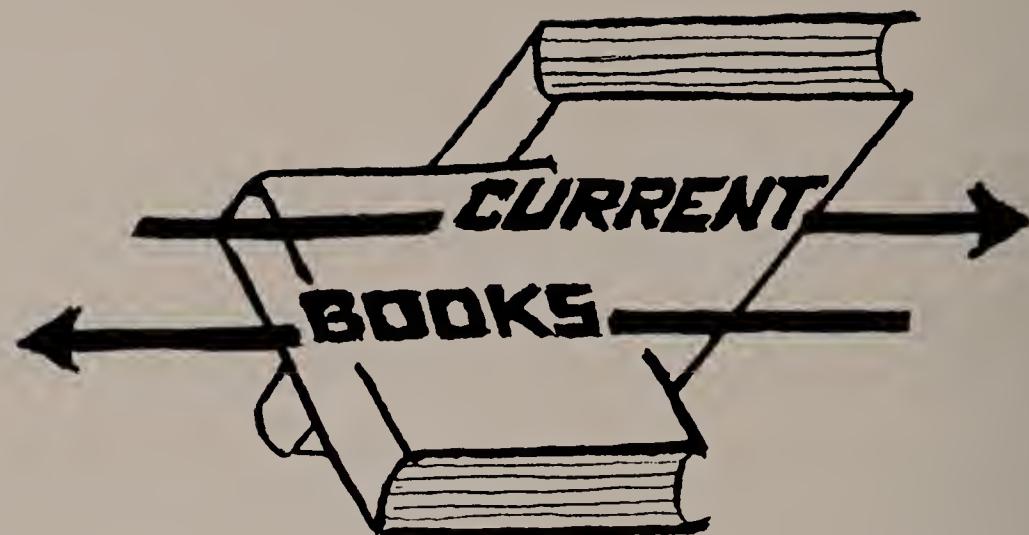
that we who have known the mystery of His light on earth, may attain the enjoyment of His happiness in heaven.” (Collect) Christ’s birth is a life radiating in us, making us share in His divinity. Because He is man, we are sharing His life; and because He is God, we are sons of God. He Who brought peace to Israel is in our souls, Emmanuel, our King and Lawgiver, the Expected of the Nations and their Savior.

Those blind to His light give a worth to the world out of all proportion to its value. They seem not to have heard the words of the Lord: “Thou art My son, this day have I begotten Thee.” Nor do they catch the significance of the words of the Psalmist repeated in the Introit of the Mass: “Why have the Gentiles raged, and the people devised vain things?” Thoughts of self, only, are foolish at Christmas. Christmas is a remembering God in us and us in God.

Joy in Christ is overpowering, overflowing into the world. Christmas cards, candles, stars on a tree reflect a rejoicing we feel. Symbols and customs of Christmas, no matter how worldly, remind us of His presence. It is a time to be happy: “Let the heavens rejoice, and let the earth be glad before the face of the Lord: because He cometh.” (Offertory)

At midnight on Christmas when we are looking back to Bethlehem, forward to Heaven, and experiencing Christ within us, our adoration is real; our joy is complete. May our offering of that day’s Feast be pleasing to the Lord, Emmanuel; and we ask “that of Thy bountiful grace we may, through this sacred intercourse, be found conformed to Him, in whom our substance is united to Thee.”

E. K.



The Thirteenth Apostle. Eugene Vale. New York: Charles Scribner and Sons, 1959.

In his novel, *The Thirteenth Apostle*, Eugene Vale describes a man's search for self-knowledge and for a knowledge of God. At the beginning of the book, Donald Webb, an American consul stationed in the main port of a Central American country, has set out for the jungle on a self-commissioned journey to investigate the death of Franz Crispian, an artist whom Webb had met briefly in his official capacity as consul. Crispian had been a Socratic "gadfly" to Webb, urging him to peer deeper into his own soul. He always annoyed Webb, who was reluctant to discover the truth about himself.

The author gives a strong presentation of Webb, as modern man, one of the "lost generation," an idealist, yet a pragmatist. But in these seeming contradictions, Vale keeps his character dramatically consistent and consistently human. In the initial dialogue between Webb and Crispian, Webb is the reluctant truth-seeker goaded by Crispian's penetrating remarks. Crispian has been planning a trip to

Irozco, a primitive settlement, where he hopes to continue painting. Webb questions his motives:

"Why? What do you expect to find there?"

"I don't know." Crispian frowned. "Maybe the uncomplicated, child-like existence of the savage."

....

"There's no going back to childhood," Webb persisted.

"I'm not even tempted. But when you've lost your way, you retrace your steps to beginnings. You look for your roots."

The core of Webb's search lies in this passage. He had to relive past motives before he could discover the truth of the present. He had to find out how and where he had lost his true self.

Because Webb is continually recalling incidents, one can become entangled in this jungle of flashbacks. But Vale cuts through the underbrush with machete-sharp precision and leads the reader through the confusing maze back to the immediate plot. He uses symbols, also, to intensify the plot. *El Soledad*, the mountain which Webb conquers in order to find Crispian, is the most impressive symbol. The realism of the mountain when Webb is struggling to reach the peak at first seems paramount until one becomes aware that the spiritual ascent to the mountain of truth is the primary meaning.

Like a jig-saw puzzle, the book ends only when Webb, whom Crispian had called the thirteenth Apostle because he was chosen to be a follower of Christ, answers the call, finding Crispian and Christ. Vale's novel is one of heightened and sustained interest. The chief merit of the novel is its characterization. Although Crispian appears only indirectly through the major part of the book, he is nevertheless a dominating character. The theme of *The Thir-*

teenth Apostle is definitely worthwhile; yet it becomes somewhat labored at times by an overabundance of philosophical and psychological considerations. The compelling quality of the book, its drama and vivid descriptions, more than compensate for its complexity.

Elinor Bowes, '61

Willamette Interlude. Sister Mary Dominica McNamee, S.N.D. California: Pacific Books, 1959.

In January of 1844, after weeks of becalmed delay, a little two-masted brig, aptly named *L'Infatigable*, set sail from the north of Europe. On board were six Sisters of the Congregation of Notre Dame de Namur, a missionary group under the leadership of Father Pierre De Smet, S.J. Ahead lay a seven-month journey around the "Horn" in quarters so cramped that the Sisters would take turns sleeping on the floor and staying awake to chase away the rats that infested the ship. Fired with missionary zeal, they were leaving the comfortable convents and boarding-schools of Belgium for the "primitive accommodations, privations and hardships of the Oregon frontier" to bring the love of "the Good God" and the fundamentals of Christian faith and education to Indian, half-breed and white settler alike.

Willamette Interlude is the story of those early years of valiant struggle with "pagan inertia, . . . and the incredible squalor and misery of frontier life;" of Belgian women of gentle background placing complete trust in God, then rolling up their sleeves and learning to use the tools with which they built their convent and schools, and cleared and cultivated forty acres of field to support school, convent and orphanage. Reinforced by the arrival of a second band

of seven, the Sisters opened a boarding-school in nearby Oregon City in 1848. This school and the original mission of *Sainte Marie de Willamette* were maintained until the establishment of the California foundation in 1851, when the Sisters left the Oregon Territory.

Sister Mary Dominica's scholarly and perceptive reconstruction of incidents and personalities from memoirs, letters, and diaries of the early Oregon missionaries, as well as historical documents preserved in episcopal archives and those of her own Order, has produced so colorful a narrative that it sometimes suggests fiction rather than history. Her analyses and evaluations of situations, and the interactions of personalities is lightened and animated by a subtle sense of humor which runs through the book. The characters are vividly and realistically portrayed: the energetic, zealous Father DeSmet, devoted to his savages; Bishop Blanchet, struggling with a vast mission territory and an acute shortage of clergy; the fascinating Superior, Sister Loyola—noted for her initiative and ability to get things done and to meet difficulties with optimism; humble and self-effacing Sister Mary Cornelia, with unusual gifts of prudence and judgment; Sister Marie Catherine—an exuberant combination of visionary and resourceful businesswoman; the missionaries and peoples of the Oregon Territory—all come to life in the pages of *Willamette Interlude*. As Dr. Edwin Beilharz, University of Santa Clara, notes in his Preface:

. . . the past is recreated, its experience relived. The reader . . . will feel, if vicariously, the determination, courage, and rugged faith with which obstacles were met. In the end he will have deepened his awareness at once of the tragic as well as the heroic dimensions of life.

Theodora Malbowski, '60

John Paul Jones: a Sailor's Biography. Samuel Eliot Morison. Boston: Little, Brown and Company, 1959.

The professional duty of an historian is to set down the facts of what actually happens and why. Samuel Eliot Morison's immediate knowledge of the scene and his careful research result in a penetrating study of John Paul Jones. Morison is no novice at this work. In 1955 he won a Pulitzer Prize for his biography, *Christopher Columbus, Mariner*. At that time he had already completed thirteen volumes of a *History of the United States Naval Operations*.

In his latest work, *John Paul Jones*, the author presents a compelling tale about one of our most famous sea captains of the Revolutionary period. Much of the romantic idealization of Jones is here refuted and his faults are not ignored. Morison gives a panoramic view of Jones' life: his humble beginnings in Scotland; at thirteen, his apprenticeship in the British Merchant Marine; and later his vigorous life both at sea and on land. Colorful accounts of the brash young captain in his early voyages, of his success with the ladies of Paris, and of his terrorizing raids off the coast of Scotland hold reader attention. Perhaps the most vivid description is the epic meeting between the *Bonhomme Richard* and the *Serapis*. But when Jones was refused a promotion to Admiral, he engaged in his last campaign under Catherine the Great. The man who had fought so lustily for freedom in the Revolution saw his last naval action under the flag of a despot.

John Paul Jones is well written and extensively documented. Precise in historical detail, sound in the interpretation of fact, graceful in literary expression, *John Paul Jones* may well be called the definitive biography of the sailor who had "not yet begun to fight."

Eileen Holland, '60

The Mermaid Madonna. Stratis Myrivilis. Translated by Abbott Rick. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company, 1959.

The Mermaid Madonna, by Stratis Myrivilis, is a blend of the old and the new. The novel is set after World War I when refugees from Turkish Anatolia found refuge on the Aegean island Skala. But the author weaves his story around the green-eyed Smaragthi, a mysterious creature found by one of these fishermen in his boat and raised by him and his wife.

As she grows, Smaragthi develops into a living image of the mermaid madonna painted inside a tiny chapel on a rock by the sea. This madonna is the patroness of the isle, a link between Christianity and old Greek myths—a sea-goddess, yet a virgin madonna. Smaragthi has much devotion to her, and like her, is also a gift of the sea. The young girl's beauty is exceptional. Every man desires her. But she has vowed chastity and, like a mermaid, shrinks with revulsion at the touch of a man. Indirectly, by this coldness, Smaragthi causes a suitor's suicide and her step-father's voluntary exile.

Yet who is Smaragthi? A nymph? A sea-divinity? Or simply an abandoned child? Myrivilis leaves this for the reader to decide. One thing is certain, she bears some relation to the mermaid madonna painted on the wall of the chapel.

Mingled with the tale of the blond Smaragthi are the stories of the poor fishermen—their fights, their friendships, their troubles with the sea and the land, and above all, their tales—fairy, legendary, mythical, which form so large a part of the sea, the sky, and the land.

One of the major attractions of this novel is its varied descriptions of the sea and the land. Myrivilis' sketches are somewhat akin to Paton's lyrical descriptions of Africa in his *Cry, the Beloved Country*. Myrivilis describes the sea vividly:

The waves leap out of the murk. Towering like dragons, they descend savagely, thrusting forward their bulging, tiger-streaked chests and toss their foamy manes in the gale. Driven by titanic fury, they sweep in with a roar and in a final burst rise howling and crash down on the Mount. Enormous masses of water grind their teeth and bellow as they strike and try to undermine, pulverize, and consume it.

Myrivilis presents a novel full of human interest, but never cloying with sentimentality. There is a sense of humanity coming from a poor people whose life is harsh, sometimes bitter, but always good. The old folk tale of the man-avoiding mermaids is a reality. The mermaid returns again to man under a more human form but, as always, attracts men to their death or disaster. The modern never destroys the ancient.

Stratis Myrivilis makes his first appearance in America with this fine translation by Abbott Rick. Although he may be unknown to us, he is a foremost literary figure in Greece and a member of its National Academy.

Mary Harrington, '61

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